

Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

NBC

ADVERTISER FIRE AND SOLE BOYS

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE WOLF SMITH FOREST RANGERS

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(11:30 PM)

TIME

(JANUARY 11 1975)

DATE

(FRIDAY)

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ORIGINATOR: "United States Forest Service"

UNCLASSIFIED: UNCLASSIFIED: UNCLASSIFIED: UNCLASSIFIED

ANNOUNCER: The "United States Forest Service" has become increasingly concerned in the past few years. To most of us it seems strange that protection of game for hunting purposes. For few of us are aware of the enormous detail involved in the proper management of wild life within a single National Forest. The United States Forest Service works in cooperation with the Biological Survey and the game departments in many States. Through their combined efforts they are endeavoring to establish the best methods for preserving the natural growth of the forests that game must have to, to insure protection from predatory animals and unsportsmanlike hunters; to guard against over-population of game in restricted areas, with subsequent starvation; to furnish suitable breeding grounds; to combat and eliminate diseases and man, other causes of importance to reproductive management. In order to secure the best results possible from this extensive research, it is necessary that the United States Forest Service have the cooperation of all of us in the enforcement of game laws and the protection of wild life.

(4256)

Scene 1
[Sound of a typewriter in the background]
[Enter Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quinn]
Ranger Jim is sitting at his desk, frowning at the scratch pad in front of him, as he draws unworkable designs on it with a pencil ----

JERRY: (FADE IN) Whatcha lookin' so glum about, Jim? Got time to figure out your income tax yet.

JIM: That's something that never gives me much trouble, Jerry.

JERRY: What's wrong?

JIM: I just came from Andy Goodman's store --

JERRY: Yeah?

JIM: I was gettin' an order made up and I overheard some fellas talkin' about shooting deer outa season.

JERRY: Well?

JIM: They're men that live around here. One of 'em was Bill Thompson. And they were sayin' that it was only natural for some folks to do a little peachin' once in a while and that they couldn't see any particular harm in it. It made me kinda hot under the collar.

JERRY: (ENTHUSED) Did you tell 'em where to head in, Jim?

JIM: Well, Jerry, I figured maybe there'd be a better way of gettin' their cooperation.

JERRY: But how about the deer we found a couple of weeks ago that had been shot?

JIM: I don't think any of those fellas would cripple a deer and leave it to die. That was probably done by someone that didn't know much about hunting.

JERRY: You said they were talking about poaching. Now about the places we found up in Cobalt Valley; where it looked as if someone had shot deer and carried 'em away? Do you think Bill Thompson and the rest of 'em did that?

JIM: No Jerry, - no. I don't think any of those men that know the Forest Service would shoot deer and carry 'em away. I'm sure

JERRY: But you said they were in favor of poaching.

JIM: They weren't exactly in favor of it.

JERRY: What do you mean?

JIM: Just indifferent about it. That's all. I reckon if you asked 'em right out if they were in favor of upholding the same laws, they'd be all for it. But saying and doing are two different things.

JERRY: You shoulda told those guys plenty. Jim.

JIM: I'm not so sure of that, Jerry. I kinda strolled up and said "howdy" instead. And it wasn't long 'till I found out they were talkin' about a trapper that's moved into our old guard cabin above Cobalt Valley up the canyon from where we found those deer.

JERRY: But Bill Thompson goes by that way all the time. How come he didn't say something about that fella moving in? He knows it's a plain case of trespassing -- breaking into National Forest property.

JIM: That's just where the trouble is, Jerry. And that's what we got to be worried. Bill is a good citizen and stockman. He always cooperates with the Forest Service in our range management work and fire protection and all. But if we ask the rest of the folks around here don't help us enforce the protection of our wild life in the National Forest it's gonna be mighty hard to make it a success.

JERRY: But what can we do about it? They don't want a law.

JIM: It's our job to make 'em want to help, Jerry. We've got to show people around here that wild life protection is important to them as well as to the Forest Service.

JERRY: Yeah, but how?

JIM: I don't know, Jerry. -- By the way, Bill Thompson was gonna call the hospital in Willow Glen to see how his boy's getting along. They operated on the youngster this morning. That's Bill's stopping here on his way home. Hmm-mm- maybe we can have a little talk with him on the way up to his place.

JERRY: We're going to Thompson's ranch today, aren't we?

JIM: Yep. He says there's an old cattle salting station that's being used by deer, not far from his place. Wanta have a look at it to see if there's enough forage available around there to keep the deer from starving.

BESS: (FADE IN) Has Mary been up with the mail, Jim?

JIM: Not yet, Bess. She oughta be along any minute now. Bill Thompson's comin' over pretty soon, and Jerry and I'll be goin' up to his place with him.

BESS: O, how's their little boy getting along? Have you heard Jim?

JIM: Bill was gonna call the hospital when I saw him down at the store. I guess they were operating this morning.

BESS: He's been awfully sick this week. And he's such a little fellow.

JERRY: It's one of the twins that's sick, isn't it, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Yes. He kept getting worse. They didn't know what caused it. Bill didn't seem to be much worried about the operation.

JIM: He said he'd seen old Captain Kidd and he knew everything was gonna be all right.

JERRY: Aw, nobody believes in that old stuff, Jim.

JIM: (GRUCKLES) Why, Jerry, Captain Kidd's brought luck to lots of people.

JERRY: Shucks, you can't tell me that seein' that old buck is gonna change anybody's luck.

BESS: But everybody around here believes in that deer, Jerry. If you get a sight of him you'll have good luck with the very next thing that happens to you. That's the reason folks leave out apples and things for him.

JERRY: Captain Kidd sure is a funny name to give a deer. How'd he ever get it?

JIM: Because he's such an old pirate, I suppose. Always making raids on somebody's back yard and helping himself to anything he can find to eat.

JERRY: It's a wonder somebody doesn't take a shot at him.

EVERYBODY: Oh, not Captain Kidd, Jerry. Everybody thinks he's got good luck.

JIM: Yeah, I guess nobody would ever shoot him. That everyone knows him by sight though. He has a funny black spot on one hind leg. It looks like he has a patch in the rear of his pants.

JERRY: He's smart enough to stay out of sight during the hunting season anyway. You don't see him nor hair of him when the guns begin popping. But I still don't think he has any magic around with him.

JIM: I wouldn't be too sure of that, Jerry. When Goodness was up nights for over a week one time, hoping he'd see Captain Kidd and win a prize at the fair.

JERRY: Yeah, but he didn't win.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I reckon that was because he never saw old Captain Kidd. And I remember another time when Al Perkins had a cook that had the seven year itch. The cook heard about the good luck this dear's supposed to bring, so he went huntin' for him, figurin' it might be a hurry-up way to get rid of the itch.

JERRY: Did he get rid of it?

JIM: Well, eventually, I suppose. But in the meantime he got lost before he got more'n a couple miles from home.
(CHUCKLES)

JERRY: There you are. What'd I tell you?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Maybe you're right, Jerry. Anyhow, it helps folks just to keep thinkin' things are gonna be all right whether they always turn out that way or not.

BESS: Here comes Mary across the yard. And there's someone with her.

JERRY: Where? --- Oh, I see her. That's Bill Thompson with her.

BESS: I wonder if he's called the hospital yet.

JIM: He said he was going to, before he came up to the station.

BESS: I hope that child of his gets better.

JIM: He'll make out all right, Bess.

BESS: But he's such a tiny youngster. It's awfully dangerous when children no older than he is get so terribly sick.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (FADE IN) Hello, everybody.

BILL: (OFF) Howdy, folks.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

OTHERS: Hello, Mary. Hi, Bill!

MARY: Here's the mail, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Thanks, Mary. It's nice of you to bring it around.

MARY: Oh, I enjoy doing it, Mr. Robbins.

BOB: How's our little boy, Mr. Thompson?
 BILL: (CAME IN) I haven't heard yet, Mrs. Robbins. I will
 be hospital, but the operation wasn't over yet. They re-
 sponds well as soon as it is. I told her to call me
 here at the station. I hope that's okay with you Jim.
 JIM: You bet it is, Bill. We've been worrying about that boy
 of yours.
 BILL: So've we, Jim. It goes pretty bad with kids of his age.
 JERRY: Don't look a bit worried, Mr. Thompson.
 BILL: Don't it? Well, I'm not so much worried as I was.
 JERRY: Aren't you?
 BILL: No, Miss. I've got a bunch of kids home with me all right.
 JERRY: Do you really think so, Mr. Thompson?
 BILL: Well, maybe I'm crazy, Mrs. Robbins, but you've heard enough
 that old nurse dear that folks call Captain Kidd haven't you?
 JERRY: Yes, of course.
 BILL: Well, I seen him this morning by hear my place.
 JERRY: We were just talkin' about that old pirate before you came
 in.
 BILL: Well, I don't put much stock in what folks say about him.
 JERRY: Wishing good luck every time you see him. Boy, wouldn't it
 if ain't worked out good for us glad every time.
 JERRY: You mean you believe he brings good luck?
 BILL: I doubt, Jerry. I wouldn't be too sure.
 JERRY: It might be all right for kids to believe that kind of stuff.
 BILL: Not me.

BILL: You can, Jerry. I got a special reason for believing in old Captain Kidd.

JERRY: What is it?

BILL: Well, three years ago, about the time we was expecting to have another member in our family, me and my wife was hoping to have a boy. Old Captain Kidd he made us a bet then and everyone if he didn't bring us luck. It was a boy all right. Two of 'em. Twice. (THEY LAUGH)

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

BILL: (FADING) I'll get it. (RECEIVER CLICKS) Hello. Pine Creek Ranger Station -- Hello -- Yes? Yeah, just a minute. (IN) It's Willow Glen calling you. Will.

BILL: (FADING) Thanks, Jim. Must be the hospital. (OFF) Hello. Speaking -- He is? -- He is, uh? -- That's right, good. Tell me I seen old Captain Kidd when he gets in right will you? -- Captain Kidd -- Yeah, the pirate. That's right. He'll know what I mean. Okay -- Thanks. 'Bye. (RECEIVER CLICK) (IN) Doc says my boy's gonna pull through in good shape. Told you I had a hunch, Jerry.

JERRY: Maybe you're right.

BESS: I'm awfully glad he's going to get well, Mr. Thompson.

BILL: So am I. But I wasn't worried much.

JERRY: Old Captain Kidd brought you luck again, didn't he, Mr. Thompson?

BILL: Yes, he did, Miss. That's why I told the Doc to tell me
how I see the old rascal.

JIM: Does Captain Kidd hang around your place very much, Bill?

BILL: We see him every once in a while, Jim, at the cattle halting
station nearby that I was tellin' you about. Let's keep
hangin' around there.

JIM: You ready to hit for your place now?

BILL: Sure, if you are. We can ride up to my ranch and go the
rest of the way on snow shoes.

JERRY: (FADING) I'll go get my heavy guns, on Jim

JIM: All right, Jerry. Where'd I put my snow shoes, Bess?

BESS: (FADING) I'll find them for you, Jim.

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

JERRY: (FADE IN PANTING) Oh boy! These snow shoes feel like
gun boots.

JIM: (PANTING) Guess you must be gettin' kinda soft, Jerry.

JERRY: Who's gettin' soft? --- You're blowin' like a freight train
yourself.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That last climb got my wind a little bit, I
guess.

BILL: Stay with it, boys. The clearing's up ahead of us here.

JIM: Say, Bill, you were telling me this morning at the store
that there's a fella living in our guard cabin up above
your place in Cobalt Valley. You said you thought he's
runnin' a trap line, didn't you?

BILL: Yeah, Jim. By gosh I was gonna tell you about that the first of the week when I seen 'im. He ain't been there long. I don't like his looks.

JERRY: He's never applied for a permit to use a cabin on the National Forest.

BILL: He ain't?

JIM: No. He must've just broke into the cabin. I wish you'd told me about it sooner. We'll have to be gettin' up there after him.

BILL: I almost forgot about tellin' you, Jim. I remember thinkin' about it the day I seen 'im.

JIM: Yeah.

JERRY: We found evidence up there, Bill, that looks as if somebody's been shootin' deer outa season.

BILL: I s'pose we always gotta put up with a certain amount of poachin'.

JIM: (SHARPLY) Not while I'm Ranger on this District, Thompson. Shooting deer out of season's against the law and I'm here to see that it's enforced.

BILL: (PLACATING) Sure, Jim. I know that. But you guys treat these deer like they was incubator chicks. What're ya tryin' to do, start a menagerie?

JIM: It looks like there's gonna be heavy snow this winter so we've gotta make our preparations to keep the deer from starvin' to death.

BILL: As, I reckon they can take care of themselves.

JERRY: Not if they don't have anything to eat, they can't

SOUND: (SEARE CRACK OF RIFLE IN DISTANCE)

JIM: That was a rifle shot

JERRY: Sounded close.

BILL: Just somebody shootin' rabbits I s'pect.

JIM: Sounded more like a ---

JERRY: What, Jim?

JIM: Nothing.

BILL: I'll tell you, Jim. I always figured you guys in the Forest Service was the makin' of this country out here. But I don't see no sense in bottle feedin' a herd of deer that's took care of themselves long before we ever seen these parts.

JIM: That's where you're wrong, Bill.

BILL: Whaddaya mean?

JIM: That's probably what the old timers used to say about the buffalo and the passenger pigeons.

BILL: But that's different. They ---

JIM: It's not a bit different, Bill. Those animals were killed without any consideration for their future value whatsoever. Now we're sorry for it. If we don't want the same thing to happen again, we've gotta put into operation the best game management plans we can.

BILL: And chicks, you guys gotta manage everything from trees to field mice-

JIM: If there ain't more respect for the game laws around here there won't be nothin' left in the National Forest but field mice to manage.

BILL: You don't lose very many deer in a season, considerin' that --

JERRY: Since the end of the hunting season we've found twelve carcasses that's all.

BILL: Twelve carcasses? You mean ---

JIM: That wouldn't happen, Bill, if you folks would give us more cooperation. Jerry and I are studying the habits of the deer and trying to find out what they eat and what diseases they have and what animals kill them off. We do our level best to see that none of 'em die of starvation during the winter. But there's something wrong somewhere when we find as many as twelve dead deer a month after the hunting season is over.

BILL: Well, you always find some carcasses.

JIM: But not a dozen of 'em. Supposin' they were your cattle.

BILL: That's different.

JIM: It ain't a bit different. You protect your cattle from predators and the weather and over-grazed range and we help you. It's part of our job to protect the deer in the National Forest just the same way. And we need your help.

BILL: Sure Jim, I get that's mean. Here's that clearing. There's the salt box in the middle of it.

JERRY: Are there two old bones?

BILL: Two of 'em? --- No ---

JERRY: What's that other thing lyin' there?

BILL: Don't know.

JIM: It looks like a buck to me.

JERRY: By jolly, it is. Come on, let's get a look at it

BILL: I haven't heard of any wolves around here this winter.

JIM: (MEANINGLY) No, neither have I.

BILL: Maybe it died of starvation.

JIM: Not this early in the winter. Plenty of forage left.

JERRY: Look. Somebody dragged the carcass in the snow. See the blood?

JIM: It's fresh.

BILL: Somebody shot it, all right. Not long ago, either.

JIM: Must have been the shot we heard. Whoever it was heard us coming and beat it.

BILL: They sure did. There's his tracks in the snow. Heading south.

JIM: Bill?

BILL: What?

JIM: Look at the haunch of this buck.

BILL: What? --- Oh, yeah, that's a funny lookin' place, guess ain't it?

JIM: Yeah, it is --- Looks kinda like a patch in the seat of his pants

BILL: Jim! It's Captain Kidd! Somebody's shot old Captain Kidd!
Gosh, after all the good luck he brought folks around here --

JERRY: That's a dirty trick.

JIM: Now do you see what I mean, Bill?

BILL: What?

JIM: That kinda stuff would never happen if you folks'd fight
against it half as hard as Jerry and I do. We've gotta have
your --

BILL: Jim, I know who did it! It's that guy that's runnin' the
trap line.

JIM: I'm afraid you're right. But we don't know for sure.

BILL: We can hit for his cabin right now.

JERRY: But the tracks lead the other way.

BILL: Sure they do. He wouldn't be headin' straight for it. Come
on.

JIM: You goin' with us, Bill?

BILL: I sure am. There ain't nobody gonna take pot shots at
deer, that I know about, and get away with it. Wait'll
folks hear about Captain Kidd bein' shot, they'll git
after that feller. Let's head for his cabin. (FADING)
Come on. I'll take the lead.

MUSIC: (FINALE)

ANNOUNCEMENT. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again at this time next Friday. This program comes to you on the Farm and Home Hour every Friday as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

1/6/33 2.30 PM

